

Sunbeams.

The fishery question—Got a bite?—Fuck the coast on the tongue should be cut swallow tail.

A grass widow is anything but green.—*Beverly Journal*.

Which of the digits is forever lost?—2, because it is never won.

Salomon was the first man who wanted to part the hair in the middle.

Bad drinking-water brings a man to his bones quicker than anything else.

Cold steel—The shears of a county contemporary.—*Hackensack Republican*.

It requires a deal of pluck to operate a railroad.—*Elevated Railway Journal*.

A young man, who knows, says that from court to court is but a short step.

As a general thing young lawyers don't have many trying times.—*Boston Times*.

The smaller the woman, the larger the poke bonnet that she wears.—*Burlington Herald*.

A reporter kissed his best girl good night and remarked it was the last sensation he was called upon to notice that day.

A correspondent asks us what is the relation of a university to an ordinary college. I am a step farther.—*Boston Transcript*.

It is easy for the poor man to tell how every dollar of the rich man's money should be expended.—*Silvester Lumber*.

A Western temperance orator objects even to seeing a tumbler fall. From which we infer that he implies it.—*Philadelphia Star*.

"Prosperity makes few friends," saith a French writer. If we can't have both we'll try and pull through with the prosperity.—*Kindred Gates City*.

A man advertises: "Hands wanted on boys' teams." Hands won't do any good out this way; it takes a leather strap.—*Louisville Argus*.

When will there be only twenty-five letters in the alphabet?" asked a bachelorette teacher. "When U and I & make I," answered a young boy pupil.

If you should hint to a man that small game existed on the top of his head, he would probably be angry, but every man has a part ridge there for all that.

The chap who robbed the dining establishment last week is now a grave robber. One a day, the dead, the other steals from the dying.—*Baltimore Evening Star*.

Mr. A's train has been brought to a dead stop by a red-headed conductor simply removing his cap and bobbing his head through the caboose window.—*Elevated Railway Journal*.

Adam carried the vote of the first ward, City of Eden, in his vest pocket.—*Kokomo Constitution*. Where did he carry his vest pocket?—*Steubenville Herald*. We were on the eve of asking that question ourselves.

A sick lawyer was asked by a brother limb what he was doing to amuse himself during his long and painful affliction. "Just to keep my hand in," he said. "I am trying to recover my health."—*Philadelphia Evening News*.

What did Oliver Twist? What did Charles Read? What was the last news? What did Ivanhoe? What was Wadsworth? What did Mrs. Mulock? Where did Victor Hugo? Where did Charles Lever? What had Mrs. Bradburn?

Mrs. Evans, the Omaha lady who has just astonished the world and her husband by giving birth to two boys and two girls, has a new hat and two pairs of shoes, two pair, and show her humility accordingly. "Evans! what a wogian!"—*Boston Transcript*.

"Gimme a nickel to get a loaf of bread; I'm so thirsty I don't know what to do," said a Galveston tramp to a leading citizen. "Can't you get me some business of some kind that will pay?" "If I had a little more inspiration I reckon I could make a successful failure."—*Galveston News*.

A Wisconsin girl innately modest cannot bear to ask a clerk in a store for a pair of limbings when she wanted leggings. The struggle for the cake now lies between her and the Missouri girl, who tells strangers that she is getting along with three up limbings on a single stroke, as well as two, we should think; but probably two was all he had any use for.—*Peek's Sun*.

They had a pleasant little entertainment at an up-town house the other evening, in the course of which Mr. K. gave an exhibition of sleight-of-hand. One of the guests remarked over his glass of beer: "Well, sir; Mr. K. is quite a gift, a prettidigitor." "No," answered the old lady gravely, "I think you are mistaken. I have it from good authority that he and all his folks are Old School Presbyterians."—*Cleveland Sun*.

"Yes," said the principal of the young ladies' boarding-school to the applicant for the post of French teacher, "your knowledge of French is good. But you won't do. Your name should be Alphonse St. Lawrence. It is Dan Jones. You should be handsome. You are not. What we want is a real young mother, who can keep a flirtation up with each of the girls, without the others knowing it, and talk of elegance, without any intention of one. That keeps the girls contented, and they don't go to flirting with any outsiders, who might lead them into some serious love affair. Catch the idea?"

The Sunday Doctor Carver and Filmore were out for a walk. As usual, Filmore crept up on a lone-some-looking duck and poured both barrels into it, with fatal effect, at a distance of about twenty steps. The duck died. By thunder," said Doctor Carver, "we are in for a day. No, sir," exclaimed Filmore, patting him on his manly bosom. "I am in luck, not ve at all." "Look, heah, bose," said an aged duck, who owned the tame duck that had been so unmercifully shot. "I am in luck, not ve at all." The Sunday Doctor Carver and Filmore were out for a walk. As usual, Filmore crept up on a lone-some-looking duck and poured both barrels into it, with fatal effect, at a distance of about twenty steps. The duck died. By thunder," said Doctor Carver, "we are in for a day. No, sir," exclaimed Filmore, patting him on his manly bosom.

"The Autumn Wigwam,"

While at Danvers I was fortunate

enough to witness the return of the pil-

grims from Mecca. The whole city was

in the streets, a bright sun lighting up the

brilliant variety of dresses and costumes

which jostled one against the other. Now

and then a crowd would form on his way

through the crowd, shouting, or a few

cheerful words would pass along with his tray balanced marvelously and ingeniously on the top of his head. The procession of the pilgrims was heralded by the sound of a

trumpet; then marched the troops, travel-stained and "shabby," who had formed their escort on the way; after these came about a hundred of the garrison, mounted on horses, with swords drawn, and a few cannon, and the Padre's palanquin in their midst. Next followed the sacred copy of the Koran, beneath its canopy of green and gold, under the folds of which, as it swayed uneasily to and fro on the camel's back, a boy's head and shoulders appeared. Behind was a second camel, bearing the green and gold banner of the Prophet, and accompanied by the three aleeks in white turbans banded with gold. The first was enveloped in a robe of purple and gold; the last in one of green and gold, marking his descent from the family of Mohammed. After the camels came the pilgrims and their families on camels, all equally ragged and dirty. These were followed by the band of the garrison, and a company of foot soldiers brought up the rear. The procession was not, perhaps, a very striking one in itself, but the crowd which had flock to witness it, filling the streets and shops, peering out of the windows, and lining the flat roofs of the houses, was a sight well worth traveling a long distance to see.—*The Athenaeum*.

A reporter kissed his best girl good night and remarked it was the last sensation he was called upon to notice that day.

A correspondent asks us what is the relation of a university to an ordinary college. I am a step farther.—*Boston Transcript*.

It is easy for the poor man to tell how every dollar of the rich man's money should be expended.—*Silvester Lumber*.

A Western temperance orator objects even to seeing a tumbler fall. From which we infer that he implies it.—*Philadelphia Star*.

"Prosperity makes few friends," saith a French writer. If we can't have both we'll try and pull through with the prosperity.—*Kindred Gates City*.

A man advertises: "Hands wanted on boys' teams." Hands won't do any good out this way; it takes a leather strap.—*Louisville Argus*.

When will there be only twenty-five letters in the alphabet?" asked a bachelorette teacher. "When U and I & make I," answered a young boy pupil.

If you should hint to a man that small game existed on the top of his head, he would probably be angry, but every man has a part ridge there for all that.

The chap who robbed the dining establishment last week is now a grave robber. One a day, the dead, the other steals from the dying.—*Baltimore Evening Star*.

When will there be only twenty-five letters in the alphabet?" asked a bachelorette teacher. "When U and I & make I," answered a young boy pupil.

If you should hint to a man that small game existed on the top of his head, he would probably be angry, but every man has a part ridge there for all that.

The chap who robbed the dining establishment last week is now a grave robber. One a day, the dead, the other steals from the dying.—*Baltimore Evening Star*.

When will there be only twenty-five letters in the alphabet?" asked a bachelorette teacher. "When U and I & make I," answered a young boy pupil.

If you should hint to a man that small game existed on the top of his head, he would probably be angry, but every man has a part ridge there for all that.

The chap who robbed the dining establishment last week is now a grave robber. One a day, the dead, the other steals from the dying.—*Baltimore Evening Star*.

When will there be only twenty-five letters in the alphabet?" asked a bachelorette teacher. "When U and I & make I," answered a young boy pupil.

If you should hint to a man that small game existed on the top of his head, he would probably be angry, but every man has a part ridge there for all that.

The chap who robbed the dining establishment last week is now a grave robber. One a day, the dead, the other steals from the dying.—*Baltimore Evening Star*.

When will there be only twenty-five letters in the alphabet?" asked a bachelorette teacher. "When U and I & make I," answered a young boy pupil.

If you should hint to a man that small game existed on the top of his head, he would probably be angry, but every man has a part ridge there for all that.

The chap who robbed the dining establishment last week is now a grave robber. One a day, the dead, the other steals from the dying.—*Baltimore Evening Star*.

When will there be only twenty-five letters in the alphabet?" asked a bachelorette teacher. "When U and I & make I," answered a young boy pupil.

If you should hint to a man that small game existed on the top of his head, he would probably be angry, but every man has a part ridge there for all that.

The chap who robbed the dining establishment last week is now a grave robber. One a day, the dead, the other steals from the dying.—*Baltimore Evening Star*.

When will there be only twenty-five letters in the alphabet?" asked a bachelorette teacher. "When U and I & make I," answered a young boy pupil.

If you should hint to a man that small game existed on the top of his head, he would probably be angry, but every man has a part ridge there for all that.

The chap who robbed the dining establishment last week is now a grave robber. One a day, the dead, the other steals from the dying.—*Baltimore Evening Star*.

When will there be only twenty-five letters in the alphabet?" asked a bachelorette teacher. "When U and I & make I," answered a young boy pupil.

If you should hint to a man that small game existed on the top of his head, he would probably be angry, but every man has a part ridge there for all that.

The chap who robbed the dining establishment last week is now a grave robber. One a day, the dead, the other steals from the dying.—*Baltimore Evening Star*.

When will there be only twenty-five letters in the alphabet?" asked a bachelorette teacher. "When U and I & make I," answered a young boy pupil.

If you should hint to a man that small game existed on the top of his head, he would probably be angry, but every man has a part ridge there for all that.

The chap who robbed the dining establishment last week is now a grave robber. One a day, the dead, the other steals from the dying.—*Baltimore Evening Star*.

When will there be only twenty-five letters in the alphabet?" asked a bachelorette teacher. "When U and I & make I," answered a young boy pupil.

If you should hint to a man that small game existed on the top of his head, he would probably be angry, but every man has a part ridge there for all that.

The chap who robbed the dining establishment last week is now a grave robber. One a day, the dead, the other steals from the dying.—*Baltimore Evening Star*.

When will there be only twenty-five letters in the alphabet?" asked a bachelorette teacher. "When U and I & make I," answered a young boy pupil.

If you should hint to a man that small game existed on the top of his head, he would probably be angry, but every man has a part ridge there for all that.

The chap who robbed the dining establishment last week is now a grave robber. One a day, the dead, the other steals from the dying.—*Baltimore Evening Star*.

When will there be only twenty-five letters in the alphabet?" asked a bachelorette teacher. "When U and I & make I," answered a young boy pupil.

If you should hint to a man that small game existed on the top of his head, he would probably be angry, but every man has a part ridge there for all that.

The chap who robbed the dining establishment last week is now a grave robber. One a day, the dead, the other steals from the dying.—*Baltimore Evening Star*.

When will there be only twenty-five letters in the alphabet?" asked a bachelorette teacher. "When U and I & make I," answered a young boy pupil.

If you should hint to a man that small game existed on the top of his head, he would probably be angry, but every man has a part ridge there for all that.

The chap who robbed the dining establishment last week is now a grave robber. One a day, the dead, the other steals from the dying.—*Baltimore Evening Star*.

When will there be only twenty-five letters in the alphabet?" asked a bachelorette teacher. "When U and I & make I," answered a young boy pupil.

If you should hint to a man that small game existed on the top of his head, he would probably be angry, but every man has a part ridge there for all that.

The chap who robbed the dining establishment last week is now a grave robber. One a day, the dead, the other steals from the dying.—*Baltimore Evening Star*.

When will there be only twenty-five letters in the alphabet?" asked a bachelorette teacher. "When U and I & make I," answered a young boy pupil.

If you should hint to a man that small game existed on the top of his head, he would probably be angry, but every man has a part ridge there for all that.

The chap who robbed the dining establishment last week is now a grave robber. One a day, the dead, the other steals from the dying.—*Baltimore Evening Star*.

When will there be only twenty-five letters in the alphabet?" asked a bachelorette teacher. "When U and I & make I," answered a young boy pupil.

If you should hint to a man that small game existed on the top of his head, he would probably be angry, but every man has a part ridge there for all that.

The chap who robbed the dining establishment last week is now a grave robber. One a day, the dead, the other steals from the dying.—*Baltimore Evening Star*.

When will there be only twenty-five letters in the alphabet?" asked a bachelorette teacher. "When U and I & make I," answered a young boy pupil.

If you should hint to a man that small game existed on the top of his head, he would probably be angry, but every man has a part ridge there for all that.

The chap who robbed the dining establishment last week is now a grave robber. One a day, the dead, the other steals from the dying.—*Baltimore Evening Star*.

When will there be only twenty-five letters in the alphabet?" asked a bachelorette teacher. "When U and I & make I," answered a young boy pupil.

If you should hint to a man that small game existed on the top of his head, he would probably be angry, but every man has a part ridge there for all that.

The chap who robbed the dining establishment last week is now a grave robber. One a day, the dead, the other steals from the dying.—*Baltimore Evening Star*.

When will there be only twenty-five letters in the alphabet?" asked a bachelorette teacher. "When U and I & make I," answered a young boy pupil.

If you should hint to a man that small game existed on the top of his head, he would probably be angry, but every man has a part ridge there for all that.

The chap who robbed the dining establishment last week is now a grave robber. One a day, the dead, the other steals from the dying.—*Baltimore Evening Star*.

When will there be only twenty-five letters in the alphabet?" asked a bachelorette teacher. "When U and I & make I," answered a young boy pupil.

If you should hint to a man that small game existed on the top of his head, he would probably be angry, but every man has a part ridge there for all that.

The chap who robbed the dining establishment last week is now a grave robber. One a day, the dead, the other steals from the dying.—*Baltimore Evening Star*.

When